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THE SEEING OF GHOSTS

VISIONS OF THE DEPARTED MAY REALLY BE BEFORE US.

But They Are Visions Merely, Creations of Our Own Minds, Not Spirits of the Dead.

A BELOVED MOTHER'S GHOST

IT APPEARED VIVIDLY TWELVE TIMES TO A SORROWING SON.

Other Experiences Showing That the Specters Are Conjured Up by Intense Mental Processes.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

VIENNA, May 25.—Don't ridicule the man, or woman, who claims to have seen ghosts for, while there may be no ghosts, one may see ghosts—may see them and talk to them, and pet and love them—I have done it myself.

Ten years ago my mother died. We had loved each other dearly—friends called us "the inseparables." So fond of me was she that when I went to college she broke up her home to follow me to the big city, keep house for me, care for me, and assist me in my studies, for this was a wise and ambitious mother.

All her evenings were devoted to literary work. She burned the midnight oil to help pay for my education. When through, she usually crept in where I was sleeping to see whether everything was right, the window open, but not too far, the little wax-light aflame in the glass where a small quantity of oil floated on a larger bit of water.

And after arranging my linen and my clothes for the morning, she used to sit down by the bed and listen to my breathing. Often when I awoke, I saw her eyes rest on my face with tender care.

Of course when I grew to man's estate professional duties put a stop to the idyl. Drawing away from childhood habits, these customs were gradually shelved and in the end almost forgotten.

But when mother was dead all came back to me, her kindly attentions, her acts of self-sacrifice, her enduring love. The funeral of the dear one put me to a heavy mental and physical strain and when, late in the night, I went to bed I was thoroughly exhausted and cried with grief and nervousness. As I got into bed, I thought over and over again: "Poor boy that I am, no mother to love and care for me, no one to pet me as I lay myself down to sleep."

I do not think I remained awake for any length of time. I dreamed that once more I was a student in that big, strange university town, and that mother was walking with me in the neighboring forest, of which we knew every nook and corner. The mother of those bygone days was young and pretty and healthy and so was the central figure of my dream. Ah, how glad I was I had found her again. She talked as usual, and gave much good advice, as mothers are wont to do. We enjoyed each other's company for many hours; it may have been only for the infinitesimal part of a second according to dream laws, but I thought it an eternity of joy.

A SUDDEN AWAKENING.

But suddenly I was overcome by the recollection that mother was dead. I looked up to her and before I knew what I was doing, said: "I thought I buried you this afternoon; was that a dream or is this?"

As I pronounced the words, her face fell, the smile playing around her lips vanished, her whole aspect changed. She looked twenty years older and her face was now deadly pale.

Seeing this I awoke with a start. If my body had been plunged into ice cold water I could not have been more awake than I was. And there, before me, in the mild light of the waxen taper, sat mother at the foot of the bed, as she was wont to do in days gone by. And as of old, those mild, big, dreamy eyes rested on me with tender attention.

There was no delusion. I am positive of that. I was as completely awake as one can be, yet the specter did not frighten me in the least. On the contrary, I liked its presence and responded to its tender gaze with eyes full of joyous tears.

"The dead," argued my mind, trained in science, "the dead don't rise, but loving remembrance often recalls them to their former sphere."

My mother's ghost, still clothed in the garb she wore in life, appeared to me twelve times, all told.

After her first visit, I waited several months in vain, awakening at certain hours in the night to look for the dear woman. At the end of the third month she came again, repeating her visits, thereafter, in longer or shorter intervals.

Two years after her death I saw my mother for the last time. As on all former occasions, it was night. I was speeding towards the Italian frontier in a private railway carriage. I had the carriage all to myself, for, being unable to sleep on the train, I never make use of the sleeping car, and, instead, bribe the conductor to give me a whole carriage to myself.

I had stretched out on one of the upholstered benches at full length, weighing in mind some scientific problem while my eyes were closed. When, after half an hour or so, I opened them suddenly, I noticed my mother seated at my feet. The upper part of her body was bent towards me, her eyes sought mine, her attitude was that of the listener.

THE MOTHER APPEARED.

I could distinguish every feature, for the light at the ceiling shone with unusual brightness, the train having only just started. I didn't move, but after gazing upon the beloved figure for some time, closed my eyes again, thinking of her and of the many pleasant years we had spent together. To make sure that I was fully awake, though, I pressed the button of my repeating watch, 12:30. After a while I consulted the watch again; 1:15, and the spectre still there, immovable, mild, life-like.

Three-quarters of an hour later by the clock I opened my eyes for a third time and there was mother as I had seen her before, in dream and life. But as I was going to make certain and arise, the spectre faded away never to return. My fantasy was never strong enough thereafter to conjure up the dear woman.

Many who read this will undoubtedly say: "He dreamed with his eyes open." I deny that I did with all emphasis. On all the twelve occasions mentioned I was fully awake—no deception possible, upon my word as a man.

Here is another ghost story founded on facts: Some little time ago there died in Vienna an old friend of mine, Madame Von Maytner, better known under her nom de plume, "Marguerite Halm." She was an eccentric woman, full of heaven-storming ideas, her mind freighted with thoughts for which she didn't always find clear and concise expression according to accepted notions. However, I understood her and appreciated her as a brave, intellectual and good-hearted woman.

One day in the summer of 1900 I happened to pass through Graz, where she was then living, and not having seen her for some time, made an unceremonious call. I found her in a state bordering on collapse; she had aged ten years since our last meeting. Her youngest son, her favorite, was dead—that explained everything.

When I said good-bye she begged me to come again before leaving Graz. "But not between 5 and 6," she cried quickly, "that is my son's visiting hour."

"Which of the boys is living in Graz?"

"None is living here—it is my favorite whom I expect, my youngest."

I looked up in astonishment. A ghost in broad daylight!

"Don't think that I am mad," pleaded Madame Von Maytner, "I know that there is no such thing as rising from the dead, but, nevertheless, I see my son daily. I must see him, I do see him, and talk with him. It is such a consolation to me."

Well, I understood my poor friend, but her neighbors did not. Her physician, particularly, instead of putting himself in a grieving mother's place, let cold reasoning get the better of his power of diagnosis. Stirred up by the neighbors, he committed Madame Von Maytner to an insane asylum from which her eldest son rescued her with difficulty after a prolonged struggle.

Saw a Dead Friend.—Here is another experience of my own: Michael Etienne, the great editor of the Neue Freie Presse was dead. A wise, kindly, generous and jovial man he had been, for, though strenuous and even terrible in his anger, his disposition was that of a child.

As one of his nearest friends I sat up with the body the night before the funeral until 1 o'clock in the morning when members of the editorial staff relieved me. The body was lying in state, in a large hall appropriately draped and lighted. I sat at the foot end, gazing upon my dead friend's characteristic face which bore the usual aspect of jovial satisfaction. Indeed, it looked as if Etienne had lain down to sleep after a day's hard work, and as if this sleep gave him no end of pleasure.

After being relieved I went to the Presse office to fetch away a roll of manuscript from Etienne's desk, his wife had asked me to do her that service. It was 1:45 o'clock a. m. when I entered the late editor's room holding a lighted candle in my hand, which, of course, lit up only certain portions of the vast apartment.

As I walked in with care to avoid coming in contact with the furniture, I saw my friend sitting in the great fauteuil behind his writing desk that stood between the two windows.

He looked as life-like as ever in his best days—the type of a healthy, prosperous, good-natured, blonde Teuton. Hundreds of times I had seen him there, his ample limbs generously disposed, his head thrown back, his chest out, left hand resting on the arm of the chair, the right grasping the inevitable blue pencil. And the good-natured smile that made so many friends for him was in evidence, too. It seemed to invite me to come nearer.

I should interpolate here that I am somewhat short-sighted—if the editor had really been in his chair I might have been physically debarred from making the minute observations above recorded. As it was I noticed every feature, every wrinkle and line in that grand face.

I stopped in my tracks, the surprise was too much, but after a moment or two approached fearlessly; I had had some experience, you know.

Michael continued to regard me smilingly, complacently; if this was a ghost he was of a most pleasant sort. Another step and yet another. When I was near enough to touch the figure (if it was one) it vanished.

PROBABLE EXPLANATION.

I think this a typical case. Remember, I had been alone with the dead for several hours and the peaceful and pleasant aspect of his face was still vivid in my mind when I entered the editorial rooms. Moreover, on my way to the Presse office I had thought only of Etienne, reflecting on the many happy hours and days and years we spent together.

These thoughts and recollections, I believe, created the picture of the man that I saw with my physical eye.

The "how" is a question, which exact science will solve sooner or later. Certain it is that mind and brain worked perfect unison to conjure up what I did see.

For the rest I can only repeat: There are no ghosts, yet we see them, at least some of us do. I know many people who claim to have seen ghosts, or what looked like ghosts. All of them, like myself, were of a nervous disposition and all possessed an imaginative mind. In addition, they were mostly religious men and women, who believed in life after death, in heaven and hell, in eternal joy and the opposite. Their religious views seemed to emphasize their belief in ghosts, indeed many assumed that ghosts had a legitimate business here, that of carrying news from the other world to their friends on this. Ghosts warned and encouraged them, prophesied evil and brought good tidings.

Such, of course, are the sort of ghost stories, that freethinkers laugh to scorn, but to characterize them simply as lies and superstitions will not do; for, if not all, certainly a great many ghost stories are founded on fact, as my own experience abundantly shows.

KARL VON THALER.

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

From their infancy children admire the bright hues of the flowers. When they become old enough to toddle, nothing gives them such unbounded delight as the ruthless gathering of the choicest blossoms of the garden. Then when they become old enough to play, what a variety of pastimes do the flowers provide!

There are the daisy chains, plaited and twisted together until they resemble huge cables of white and gold. Then many a fiery steed (impersonated by a small boy) has been driven a most terrific pace with a set of harness made of intertwined clover blossoms. Then think of the diminutive queens of May who have tottered under the load of early spring blossoms admiring subjects have insisted upon their wearing as coronets. Then, later in the season, when four-o'clocks bloom, what beautiful crowns they make when strung in variegated patterns of bright color upon a long, tough wisp of grass.

Then where is the child who has not made larkspur wreaths for bookmarks? How beautifully they fit into each other and curve into a circle! And what elegant necklaces they make when put together as a chain, each alternate link of a different color!

And again, what a fierce contest is the annual battle of the "Johnny-jump-ups!" In this sweet-scented warfare one child is at the head of the white violet contingent and the other at the head of the blues. By hooking the violet heads together and jerking quickly, one or the other is sure to come off and to be numbered with the winner or loser of the opposite side. At the end of a given time the holder of the most heads wins the battle.

In the days gone by what a wonderful thing was dogfennel! What kite was ever successfully flown on high without a proper amount of dogfennel as ballast? No other plant would answer the purpose at all, it must be dogfennel. But now that we have the tailless kite, and the occupation of dogfennel is gone (children could see no other reason for its existence), it is rapidly disappearing and becoming a thing of the past.

Then there is nature's perfect bubble pipe, the "jimson" weed. And the snap dragon, whose facial contortions are a constant delight. And the overripe seed pods of the touch-me-not whose contortions when handled are a pleasure only to be equaled by that derived from wearing them as earrings after they are thus curled up.

Now, in addition to being most charming playthings, the flowers are the foundation upon which much later knowledge and accomplishment are built. The love of them instills in the child's mind and heart a desire for the study of botany. And many an artist has begun a successful career by rudely tinting pictures with color from the pigments that nature provides in the leaves and petals of her plants.

Then, how interestingly flowers and plants foretell juvenile fortunes! Who has not popped rose leaves on the hand in order to learn if certain persons, named at the time, loved the popper? Or blown dandelion puffs to see if he or she was wanted at home? Or picked the petals of a daisy to foretell the kind of sweetheart the future had in store? Or swallowed four-leaf clovers with a wish?

When we think about it, it is quite fitting that children and flowers should be so closely united, for what could be more similar in delicacy, frailty or beauty than they?

HARVEY PEAKE.

New Albany, Ind.

HER HUSBAND A COLLEGE STUDENT.

New York society was astonished recently by the announcement that Cecilia Weeks, a wealthy heiress and belle, and Gerald Grout, a Columbia University student, had been married over a year ago. The young man will graduate from Columbia Medical College this month.

ART STUDY IN NEW YORK

TWO INDIANAPOLIS BOYS TALK OF "BOHEMIAN LIFE."

Took Rooms in a Tenement House and Lived on Little Money—One Earned a Prize.

It was after reading an interesting book on student life in Paris that Glenn Coleman and Albert Matzke, two boys of this city, decided to go to New York and live the lives of Bohemians. It was not only to have this experience that they left home, but mainly to study art. Both of them were students at the Manual Training High School and received their first instruction in drawing from Otto Stark. Later they worked on the art staff of one of the newspapers. They have returned to this city to spend the summer with their families.

They left the city with very little money in their pockets and no knowledge whatever of the metropolis to which they were going. They were determined to make their own way through art school. When they arrived in New York they had not the least idea where they would sleep that night. The names of the streets were unknown to them; they did not know which way to go to look for rooms. They found a furnished room that could be rented, after hunting until nightfall. They stayed in this room, which was above a cheap cafe, for a week.

A student from Virginia proposed to pool with them, and they engaged three rooms in a tenement house. The occupants of the house were mostly Italians, and there were a few Irish who knew no language but their native tongue. The students were glad to get rooms in such a place, for their neighbors were good models for character sketches, and, besides, it was an "experience," and that is what they were looking for. As long as the neighbors did not stick them in the back with a stiletto or hit them with a brick, no more useful friends could be found. All the woodwork and the big, old-fashioned fireplace were painted white. This made the surroundings seem much brighter and cheered the boys, who then set to work to make their rooms as artistic as possible. A table was made out of boxes. Barrels were cut out so that they made comfortable chairs. A couch was made by putting a mattress over two big boxes. This was covered with an Oriental colored cloth. The walls were covered with samples of the boys' work and the floor was painted. The bare floor was rather cold during the winter, but they did not mind that. A piano was a valuable addition to the studio. During the coldest weather the studio was a loafing place for other students. They sat around the big fireplace, played the piano and sang until their eyelids began to get heavy.

A STEADY DIET OF CABBAGE.

The boys were not overburdened with food and they admit that they were hungry at times. Their parents asked them in every letter if any money was needed and they always wrote back that money was not needed in New York. When they could find no work in their line they posed in other studios, thereby making enough money to buy a number of heads of cabbage which they stewed in the kettle that was sometimes used as a punch bowl. They existed on cabbage for days at a time when work was "shy." In more prosperous weeks they had some cereal for breakfast; cheese and crackers for luncheon and for dinner, if they have the money, they go to "The Black Cat," a little French cafe where the models generally congregate.

Everett Shinn, the well-known illustrator, was a frequent visitors to the studio. He pronounced the decorations very artistic. He told the boys that it was not many years ago when he was living the same life that they were. He often invited them out to his house to dine with him. Whenever the girl students gave suppers the boys drew lots to see which one should sit closest to the server, for he was always sure to get more to eat than the others. One student who was invited to a friend's home for dinner told his host to pinch his leg every time he thought he was going to take too big a mouthful. The next morning the student's leg was black and blue in many places.

Matzke and Coleman were at the New York School of Art. The school is composed of four large studios. The walls are covered with pallet scrapings, prize pictures and caricatures. The old students are very hard on new-comers unless they "set 'em up" the first day they enter school. During the day they run around the studio acting as though they are smelling for new students. At night the lights are turned out and water is thrown on the new ones. Little work is done on the days new pupils are initiated.

The Art Students' League and the New York School of Art unite in giving semi-annual masquerade balls. The costumes worn are very elaborate. Another dance that the students look forward to with a great deal of pleasure is the one given every year by the Society of American Fakirs, which is composed of students. This society is a take-off on the Society of American Artists. The dance programme is printed on a piece of cardboard a foot square. On the bottom of the card is printed a rule that any one failing to carry the programme while dancing will be made to leave the floor. Any one appearing in evening dress is made to pay 75 cents more than the others. Each dancer strives to be the most ridiculous in act and dress. On the same night pictures that the members of the Society of American Artists have made are burlesqued. The money made by selling these pictures is put into the treasury of the society to pay the expenses the following year. A king is elected before the dance. He has charge of the dance and the sale. A Hungarian orchestra from one of the restaurants furnishes the music.

It seems that Bohemian life does a student good, for the Indianapolis boys show improvement in their work. Coleman was given second honors in the illustration class. He had to compete with students that had studied a number of years longer than he. Coleman says that their expenses individually were from $5 to $8 a week. Both of the boys will return to the school next fall.

UNITED STATES CONSUL AYME.

Louis H. Ayme, who represents the United States at Guadeloupe, West Indies, has won much praise by his efforts to relieve those who survived the eruption of Mont Pelee, Martinique. He organized the first relief expedition to St. Pierre. Mr. Ayme has been granted leave of absence and will come home to recuperate.

IN THE GOSSIP'S CORNER.

About the time, last year, that there was a revival of a certain historical tale of biblical times it was related that a well-dressed and scholarly-looking young man went into a Chicago book store and told the clerk who came forward that he was very anxious to obtain a new book, the name of which he could not remember, but it was just out and was having a great run, and it had been recommended to him very highly. The obliging clerk repeated the names of a large number of phenomenal sellers, but evidently it was not one of them.

"I have it," said the young man; "it is 'Wait a Bit.'"

The clerk didn't know a book of that name, but the young man insisted that was it. The manager was called, and he, too, disclaimed knowledge of a book called "Wait a Bit." Finally he asked the inquirer if he would know the book if he saw it.

"Yes," was the reply; "it is a large, bright-red book, with a lot of gilding on it."

The manager went to a shelf and took down a copy of Dr. Croly's "Tarry, Thou, Till I Come." It was the book wanted.

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That is pretty good, but it was paralleled the other day in Indianapolis. A young man went into one of the leading book stores and asked for a novel called "The Scarlet Feather." The clerk assured the querist that the house did not have it, but the visitor insisted he had seen it advertised or shown in the window. One of the firm was called, and he also declared there was not such a book in the store. Again the young man expressed his certainty of being right. The dealer looked over his shelves and, seeing a book that he thought might be the one wanted, showed it to the customer, who took it and departed. It was "Crimson Wing."

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Warren H. Colson, of the New England Stamp Company, whose visit to Indianapolis last February will be remembered by local philatelists, writes me a cheerful letter from Frankfort-am-Main, Germany. Business in stamps has been good, and he and Mr. Batchelder have been having a good time between trades. Concerning the stamp market in Paris he writes:

"We arrived in Paris on Sunday, and in the afternoon I went to the Bourse. The 'Stamp Bourse' is held on the corner of the Rue Marigny and Rue St. Gabriel in the open air. There must have been fully 200 to 250 men, women and children there, buying and selling stamps. The Bourse has greatly deteriorated, however, and other than one fairly good lot of stamps that a regular dealer had there I didn't see anything decent at all. The very cheapest sort of stuff formed the bulk."

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She is a passing pretty girl, and during the recent cold spell her trim little figure was set off by a fetching red jacket. She frequently rides on an East Washington-street car, and one cold afternoon when the car was badly crowded, as it usually is about home-going time, she stood for a little while just inside the front entrance. Then a woman across the way went out the front door and the girl with the tip-tilted nose moved over to be with her chum, giving her seat to the Tuxedo miss. The conductor had not yet taken up the fares, and the woman who went out left two transfer slips on the window ledge inside the door. A husky young machinist got aboard—face and hands and clothes black with the grime of the shops—and stood beside the red jacket. The conductor was slowly making his way toward the front of the car when the machinist saw the transfers. He calmly picked them up and as calmly put his ticket back in his pocket. The girl was taking a green ticket from her pocketbook. The machinist shoved a transfer into her hand with a brief explanation of its presence. She laughed and blushed and looked hesitatingly from the ticket in one hand to the transfer in the other. Then, when the conductor was almost at hand, she put the ticket away and tendered the yellow paper for her fare with an effort to keep her face straight that was a laughable failure. The machinist gave in the other without a pang, and the Indianapolis Street-railway was out eight-and-a-third cents. He got off at Noble street with an encouraging "Might as well, y'know," and she alternately laughed and blushed all the way to Tuxedo Park.

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Having had occasion, recently, to look through a number of statistical books for information desired, I have been much impressed by the inaccuracies and inconsistencies of recognized standard works. I found not only that they did not agree with each other in dates assigned or statements of fact, but ofttimes they did not agree with themselves. For instance, in one book I found two separate dates assigned, several times, to the same occurrence, in one case the dates being a full year apart. In other instances the same act is ascribed to different persons, time and place being the same. In yet other cases the identical fact is described as having radically different results. In many of the cases there is evidence of careless writing and yet more careless revision and mechanical work, one remarkable instance being the following:

"1795, April 7; Paris—The metre is made the legal unit of length and the base of the metric system. It is the ten-millionth part of the distance between the poles, and equal to 3.2808 English feet."

If this were true, the circumference of the earth would be only 12,427 miles (approximately), instead of twice that many. So much for the central fact—or unfact. Moreover, the exact measure of a metre is one ten-millionth part of the northern quadrant of the meridian of Paris. No other meridian was used in the original calculation, consequently the metre must be based on that meridian and that alone.

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When I went to school we were taught that the metre is 39.37 (plus) inches long, and that is the standard promulgated by the Encyclopedia Britannica. The other authority puts it at 3.2808 feet. Reduce this to inches and make the necessary subtraction, and the result is a difference of four ten-thousandths of an inch (plus) in the length of the metre. This is a very insignificant item, but it amounts to 1,333 feet 4 inches on the polar circumference of the earth, plus as much more as the "plus" on the 39.37 inches in the metre, multiplied by 40,000,000 metres, the length of the polar circumference.

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So the question naturally arises: Where are we to go for the exact truth when our standard works of reference fail us?

THE GOSSIP.

Coincidences.

Philadelphia Record.

A train of coincidences so extraordinary as to seem incredible lately happened in a well-known Overbrook family. The members of the household were sitting at breakfast one day last month when the mother read aloud a newspaper item to the effect that a young man had fallen ill with typhoid fever at the residence of his fiancee, and would be nursed by her there for several weeks to come. The son and daughter, who are both betrothed, laughed heartily at this, and their mother, to rebuke them, said: "Look out. Something similar may happen to you some day." The daughter went the next week to visit the parents of her intended husband in a New Jersey village. She sprained her ankle on the day of her arrival and was kept under the same roof with her fiance a fortnight. The son went the following week to Germantown to call on his intended wife. He was conversing with her in the parlor when bang—the drum of his ear burst, and he still lies in Germantown, looked after tenderly by the young girl.

A Starter.

Baltimore American.

A Chicago publishing house announces a book of Indiana poetry which will present samples of the work of about two hundred authors. This will be a start, anyway.

STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

The statue which Emperor William has promised to present to the United States will be a duplicate of the famous statue of Frederick the Great at Berlin, of which the above is a photographic reproduction.

THE HORSELESS AGE

HAS NOT QUITE ARRIVED, BUT SEEMS TO BE DAWNING.

That Is, Horses, Except for Pleasure Driving, Are Slowly Making Way for Electricity.

THE EDISON STORAGE BATTERY

INVENTOR SAYS IT WILL BE CHEAP AND GOOD FOR ALL USES.

He Is Giving It the Most Thorough Test on the Roughest of New Jersey Roads.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, June 6.—"With the cost of an auto at rock-bottom, about $150, the horse must go for commercial purposes. My storage electric battery will propel every sort of vehicle, its usefulness is unlimited. Its use will ultimately be extended to trains and ships, but vehicles will receive the first attention," says Edison.

"Within half a dozen years from now," continued the wizard, "four-fifths of all vehicles will be propelled by electricity. This means the passing of the horse, cleaner and healthier streets and increased traffic facilities. The city streets of the future, I venture to predict, will easily accommodate four times as many wagons and people as now.

"The retirement of the quadruped in favor of an inanimate machine of superior speed, and requiring a minimum of outlay in care and cost, has been threatened in the United States even since 1805 or 1806, when John Stevens, of Hoboken, memorialized the Legislature of New York urging the building of railroads "which would permit locomotion at the rate of twenty to thirty miles per hour, with the prospect of increasing to one hundred miles.'

"When, twenty years later, Gridley Bryant ran his pioneer steam cars over four miles of "iron ways," as rails were then called, to connect his quarries in Quincy, Mass., with the nearest tide water, enthusiastic advocates of steam power predicted that the days of the horse were numbered. The fact that steam carriages were about to take the places of mail coaches was adduced as an additional indication of progress in that respect.

THE OPPOSING ELEMENTS.

"But, lo, 'opposing interests'—horse breeders and owners, not to mention the sporting fraternity—killed the early automobile carriage undertaking. The very factor that had given it birth, the railroads, helped to bury it. Oliver Evans drove a dredging machine by its own steam through the streets of Philadelphia in 1804; in 1833 twenty-two steam passenger coaches were employed in and about London; but during the following quarter of a century all experiments of the kind were discontinued and the horse once more held undisputed sway in the streets and highways for purposes of utility and pleasure.

"Next to the competition of the locomotive, and in a lesser degree, the unsuitableness of the roads, the early crude construction of the automobile vehicle was responsible for its failure. The engines of all the early types were not economical and required constant supervision. The large amount of fuel necessary to produce low pressure and the cumbersomeness of the whole affair tended to keep the speed below the horse standard, though, of course, the propelling power of the machine was comparatively greater.

"Even in those days it needed but a person of average intelligence to see that the true motor vehicle, for passenger service, must be little heavier than the ordinary carriage, while the traction engine for freight should not be more cumbersome than the regulation wagon or cart. Ability to start and stop instantly and to dispense with a professional conductor is also requisite. A power vehicle built on those lines makes not only the mare, but the horse go. Such a one Edison seems to have invented.

Speeding over the rough roads in the hills of northern New Jersey are several automobiles, that the problem of transportation by electric vehicle may be solved. "Each is fitted with one of my new light storage batteries," says the inventor, who continues: "There are heavy machines and light machines, each of a different make. Each of these machines is to run one hundred miles every day until it has covered 5,000 miles. The roughest roads, those with the most hills and ruts and crossings, are preferred. We go at highest speed, making no stops or slow downs except for cause. I want to give the battery a test greater than any that it will meet in actual use.

"The battery, I think, will run an automobile, over ordinary roads, 100 miles without recharging. But, that there may be no mistake, I shall keep up the experimenting for several months."

A PROMISING OUTLOOK.

This looks encouraging. Electricity, or, for that matter, any agency that will drive the horse from the streets of our great cities, should be welcomed, for horses are the cause of much disease and unsanitary conditions. There are laws preventing citizens from keeping certain domestic animals within the city limits. The advance in electricity will soon add the horse to the prohibited list, along with pigs and cows.

Chauncey M. Depew said pointedly: "I have given up anticipating what electricity will do for us next, and when it will do it. I imagine that one fine morning we shall wake up with apparatus ready to take us to our offices through the air. But, in spite of my full belief in the electric carriage," he added, "I doubt whether the services of the horse will ever be entirely dispensed with. I cannot conceive our active Americans adapting themselves to the pursuit of pleasure in carriages moved by electricity, or by any other kind of motor but the horse. What has made the bicycle so universally popular but the one fact that it permits of action on the part of the rider that it affords excitement? For similar reasons the carriage horse will always have friends and admirers; his style, action and movement cannot be duplicated or imitated. As to the ordinary, every-day horse, he is certainly doomed. The extent to which electricity has discredited and replaced him is exemplified by the fact that it no longer pays to breed horses that command a moderate price only."

Already horse cars are a curiosity in any but the smallest towns and villages of America—and in New York city. This is a remarkable achievement, full of promise from a sanitary and commercial standpoint